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Classification: *Family*
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Matthew P. Brady

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
AT TORONTO



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

With the compliments of
Judge Deady

A D D R E S S

—BY—

MATTHEW P. DEADY, LL. D.,

U. S. DISTRICT JUDGE,

OREGON.

—
Walla Walla University.

AN ADDRESS

TO

The Graduating Class

OF

WALLAMET UNIVERSITY

BY

MATTHEW P. DEADY, LL. D.,
U. S. DISTRICT JUDGE,
OREGON.

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ADDRESS.

Members of the Graduating Class

of the Wallamet University:

We are met here to-day to confer upon you the laurel crown awarded to those who have successfully run the race set for them by their Alma Mater. Laying aside the habits and habiliments of pupilage, in the presence of these sympathizing relatives and friends, this day, you may be said to assume the *toga virilis*, and with it the duties and responsibilities of manhood and womanhood. We greet and congratulate you upon reaching this goal of your youthful ambition. We heartily welcome you from the narrow and secluded vale of adolescence, to the wide and varied region of adult life. As fellows and co-laborers in the battle and work of this world, we give you the right hand of fellowship, and cordially bid you God-speed in your endeavors to realize the bright dreams and high hopes which have attended and sustained you through the years of study and preparation for this important and joyous occasion.

Having equipped yourself for the journey of life, you will soon bid farewell to these familiar halls and groves, and join the ranks of the great caravan of humanity that is ever toiling across the deserts, over the mountains and through the valleys of this probationary world, on its way from time to eternity. As you pass along you will encounter the memorials of the diverse generations which have preceded you, and may learn from them how to shun the dangers which beset your paths, and to make your lives worthy of commemoration and example. Amid the din and tumult of the busy, eager crowd, some of you may soon disappear from sight, and never be known to fame. Others will doubtless gain the van and go through the world in the front rank of the column. But in

either case, the journey is but for a day; and it is well to remember that it is not so important what your position is during it—as, after it. To achieve success is one thing, but to deserve it is another and a better.

But I would not have you, who are just entering upon the arena of action, fear the result of your existence, or anticipate the failure of your high endeavors. Nor will I attempt to sow doubts, on this auspicious occasion, in the minds of those to whom the future—all robed in sunshine—is aglow with the hope and promise contained in the beautiful and proud vaunt—

“In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—FAIL.”

Age and experience may ponder and question, but to you, who are yet in the May-morn of life, and have not experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, all things seem possible. Courage and hope are the guiding stars of youth. Led and inspired by them it dares and expects all things. How sublimely but truly the author of *Evangeline* apostrophizes it, as looking down “from the snowy summit of his years,” he hails and salutes the class of his Alma Mater on the semi-centennial of his own graduation:

“How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without end,
Each maid a heroine and each man a friend!
Aladdin’s lamp and Fortunatus’ purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
‘Be thou removed!’ it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!”

But age and experience will eclipse the bright sun and abate the confidence of youth, though, God be thanked, they cannot altogether destroy the fond memories of its “illusions, aspirations, dreams.” In time you will learn that, so far as this world is concerned, life is a race in which all run, but few win. Many of your dearest dreams and most cherished hopes will disappear like phantoms and leave only some common place or ugly fact in their stead; or as you reach forth to gather the seeming fruit growing upon

their illusory branches, it will evade your grasp, or suddenly turn to dust and ashes in your hands.

“For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.”

Mistaken as to the nature and quality of your talents, you may undertake some vocation in which you can never get beyond a starving mediocrity, whilst in another, not perhaps so conspicuous or attractive, but quite as honorable, you might have attained to the maximum of your usefulness and happiness;—or not content with that sphere of life for which your endowments fit you, your ambition may lead you to aspire beyond your ability, so that when the tug of war comes, you may be borne down by the weight of your own shield or disabled by the ill-directed stroke of your own sword. Not every one could bend the bow of Ulysses or wield the blade of Bruce. Therefore,

“Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done;
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside when she her face surveyed,
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old
“Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold;
Be not too bold!” Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like a Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.”

I never witness an occasion like this, but I am reminded of the striking and beautiful parallel by the Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table, between “Commencement Day” and the start and race for the Derby. Speaking of a graduating class, he says:

“The beautiful high-bred three year olds of the season are brought up for trial. Here they are—coats bright as silk and manes smooth as *cau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt, which has just been trotted up on the stage. Do they really think that these little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstakes, as is coming off in these next forty years?”

Then availing himself of “the terrible gift of second sight,”

which he says, comes to some of those who "look through the silvered rings of the *areca senilis*," the Autoocrat graphically depicts the progress and incidents of the race over the world's course for the next fifty years:

"*Ten years gone!* First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start. I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up."

How natural! The clerical Cassock, having no wild oats to sow or heroically suppressing them, goes steadily to work from the start and soon takes the lead; while the brilliant, dashing Meteor flashing along the course for a time, soon gives out. To change the figure, "As he rose like a rocket he fell like the stick." But listen again:

"*Twenty years.* Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-grey, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat—five—six—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure? And the rest of them what a 'tailing off!' Anybody can see who is going to win—perhaps."

This period, in which we score forty years from the crib, is the turning point with many in the race. Misfortune and misconduct—ill-breeding and evil habits—do sad work upon numbers at this time; and from this on, none but the well disciplined and good conditioned will be able to keep up the pace with which the race proceeds. Judex has come to the front. Hitherto he has been kept back by the number of entries on the law side of the course. At first these thronged the way, so that it was impossible for him to get an opening to show his speed and mettle. But now the greater portion of them have bolted, turned back or fallen by the way—while some of the more showy but short-winded nags have taken a near cut, by the congressional or gubernatorial cross roads, to the winning post. But Judex, who has pulled straight and steady on the legal snaffle for these twenty years, and never balked, shied or stumbled, is now going in to lead the race to the end.

Another decade brings us to an interesting point in the struggle.

"*Thirty years.* Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favorite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black 'colt,' as we used to call him, is in the back-ground, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the *Filly* is not to be despised, my boy!"

It is on the back stretch that Dives makes the best time. Like

Judex, he is late coming to the front, but is likely to stay there until the last, unless he swerves aside into the gambler's path--in some places called the Bourse, California street or Wall street. During the first ten years he labored hard and gathered slowly, but getting over that critical period successfully, he has since gained steadily. As the race lengthens his metal—"A dust dug from the bowels of the earth"—increases rapidly and tells heavily in his favor. *Asteroid* is a prepossessing name. So far he has cantered along without endeavoring to lead. But now as he enters the second half of his century, his blood and training begin to tell, and "the quiet brown colt with the star in his forehead" is seen in the front rank. He is supposed to represent the "gentleman and the scholar," who has kept "himself unspotted from the world," while setting it an example of integrity and refinement, and aiding by word and deed in its moral and intellectual improvement. I hope he is a favorite with you, and that you will emulate his example; and that the Asteroid of Wallamet University will keep well to the front in the sweepstakes of this generation.

The "black colt" appears to have reached the goal of his ambition—a good parish and a fitting helpmeet—and is going along at an easy gait, caring only to do his duty and save his distance. Indeed the struggle is now well over. Unlike the Derby, the pace slackens as the end approaches. Here are the notes upon the next and last two turns in the course:

"*Forty years.* More dropping off—but places much as before. *Fifty years.* Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk: no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning post a slab of white or grey stone standing out from that tuft where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory!"

And so the long strife for the goal ends at the grave. And the winners! what of them? Alas! we cannot even tell who they are. Some of those who appear to be such, have carried light weight,—others have ridden foul or across the field. Doomsday alone will distinguish the true from the false—the real winners from the losers. In the meantime, and whatever else the world may say or do, we may rest under the comfortable assurance that no one has lost or run in vain, who has done his duty as best he knew or could, in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

Education is a thing much talked of at this day. Its importance

and utility are generally admitted; but the thing itself is variously understood, and not a little misapprehended. There is an education which assists one to get along in this world. It is sometimes called a practical education. By it, a youth is taught the rudiments—to read, write and cipher—to the same end and in the same spirit that the acrobat learns to balance upon the tight rope, or the athlete to walk under a crushing weight—so that he may with the more ease and certainty obtain food and raiment, if not great wealth. This education is not to be despised or depreciated. On the contrary, it is very useful and convenient; and is even more than a great part of the world have yet attained to, or perhaps ever will.

But there is a broader, higher education, whose aim and end is the cultivation of the learner,—not so much for the sake of enabling him to get wealth, as to fit him for the best use of it, and if need be, to live usefully and happily without it. This education—or the foundation of it—you are presumed to have received, and therefore the responsibility is devolved upon you of doing something more than filling your barns with plenty.

Since the great and sudden increase of money consequent upon the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and the increase of currency during the war, colossal fortunes have been suddenly amassed in all the considerable centres of trade and business, by persons without the previous experience, training or culture needed to fit them for the right appreciation and proper discharge of the duties and responsibilities of such a trust. Naturally enough, these persons seek to command recognition and attract attention in society, by a free use and lavish display of their new-found wealth and all that it can procure. The consequence has been, that palatial residences, extravagant equipages, costly dinners, elaborate dresses and gorgeous receptions have become in a great measure the chief distinction and end of social life.

Before this gilded juggernaut, seduced by its outward show and splendor, and the prospect of partaking of its profits, often bows down the scholar, the poet, the artist, the statesman, the lawyer and the divine,—while the nameless crowd tread hard upon each other's heels, in their eager haste to catch and batten upon its corrupting favor and patronage. Some of the fruits of this sudden acquisition

of wealth in the United States, by people who have neither inherited civilization, nor had time to acquire it, are graphically described by a recent writer on "The pursuit of the Dollar." He says:

"The waste in vulgar ostentation is great. Crude ornamentation, of the character of a New York omnibus, or a palace sleeping car, is seen in every direction, where money has been accumulated. Show precedes comfort and utility. Houses are full of paint and glass. Men are not unfrequently seen with a magnificent solitaire diamond on a soiled shirt bosom; and women, with the same precious stones on fingers whose nails are in mourning. * * * * * This man has, perhaps, the revenues of the lord of the manor, which are spent for a meager return. The Italian who turns the organ for a few cents before the windows of his pretentious house, could probably spend them more profitably, to the soul, as well as the body."

Vulgar extravagance, fast living and garish display, being accepted as evidence of distinction and high social position, the giddy, vain and aspiring poor, soon endeavor to vie with the diamond-decked nabobs and millionaires in everything, and then come peculation, theft, bribery, and all the gross and dishonest practices and devices which of late years have so corrupted and debased the private and public life of the United States.

But you who have given the morning of your life to self-improvement—to getting wisdom and understanding—ought always to insist upon a higher and truer standard of excellence and distinction, than the acquisition and possession of Ophir, Five-twenties, Double-eagles, or any other form of the so-called Almighty Dollar. Instead of these, make that wealth which is more difficult to obtain and more enduring and worthy of desire and pursuit than any other—the wealth of character and culture, duly seasoned with sound morals and good principles—the first passport to your admiration and respect. Whatever your calling or income may be—however humble or exalted your lot in life—you owe it to yourselves and your education, never to forget the innate superiority of learning over lucre; and that virtue and intelligence are the only sure foundations of true greatness, happiness or prosperity.

But I would not be understood as deprecating industrial pursuits or the desire or endeavor to acquire wealth by honest means for laudable purposes. The men who, by self-denial, industry and uprightness, have accumulated wealth, are in no small sense public benefactors and profitable examples. They are the useful and needed reservoirs, into which are gathered the floating and surplus resources of the country, and without which it would suffer materially,

during the seasons of scarcity incident to all trade and industrial pursuits. Even the man who hoards for the love of gain merely, is, so far, a better, or at most, a less harmful member of society, than the thoughtless, careless spendthrift and prodigal, who lavishes on the present, regardless of the future, whatever comes to his hand; and when overtaken by old age, sickness or death, becomes an unjust burden upon the community, he has never benefited. I sometimes fear that the indiscriminate and inconsiderate philanthropy of this age, is sapping the foundations of industry and thrift, by confounding the industrious and economical with the indolent and wasteful. Time was, when the pauper was buried, not by the side of the man who paid his funeral expenses, but apart—in a Potter's Field. But now-a-days, all such tributes and stimulants to well doing are disregarded as uncharitable—and the man who dies in poverty, because he was too lazy to labor or too wasteful to save, is buried at the public expense beside of his neighbor, who by constant exercise of industry and economy, honestly paid his way through life—even to the grave. The old fashioned notion—that a man who did not provide for himself while living and for his burial when dead, is derelict in his duty to society, was right in the main, and on the whole productive of good results. It distinguished and discriminated between idleness and vice on the one hand and industry and virtue on the other, by honoring the latter and discrediting the former.

Still, it is true, that the pursuit of material gain—whether in making provision for the animal wants of man or gratifying his lust for dominion—is not the highest or ultimate purpose of his existence. The aim of the scholar should be far above that of the low utilitarian philosophy of Franklin, which has borne its legitimate fruit in the worship of the Creature instead of the Creator, and the substitution of the sensual test—*Will it pay?* for the spiritual one—*Is it right?* He should remember that it is better to know the meaning of the stars than to count them; that it is of more importance to be able to answer the old and ever recurring question—*Quid est veritas?*—than to have invented a sauce or jumping-jack, or discovered a mine, or the source of the Nile. True greatness is more or less moral, and is only reached by living under the constant influence of a lofty ideal, even though it never be realized.

In the battle of life always choose duty for your watchword and motto, rather than the victory. A life whether humble or exalted, steadily impelled and guided by the dictates of duty—

“Stern daughter of the voice of God,”

is ever worthy of the highest honor and admiration. The thoughtless multitude may applaud the victory, unmindful of how it comes or is attained. Too often it is that—

“All the proud virtue of this vaunting world,
Fawns on success, however acquired.”

Knowing nothing beyond appearances, it is naturally governed by palpable results, without reference to their causes or merits. But remember, that its judgments change with the seasons, and its honors are liable to wither and decay at the first breath of misfortune or reverse.

Popular applause is not often deep seated, and is usually won and lost without adequate merit or fault. In all ages the Polloi have alternately deified and damned their favorites and flatterers, according to the fancy or caprice of the moment. The famous general and statesman, Alcibiades, was twice banished by his sometime ardent admirers—the fickle Athenians. Marius, the plebeian hero and favorite of the Roman people, was driven by them into exile, to wander a fugitive among the ruins of Carthage, where he had lately led the victorious armies of the Republic. And to come down to our own country and times; I have seen a distinguished, popular favorite, whose word, but a day before, like that

“Of Cæsar, might
Have stood against the world”—

in Oregon, publicly hung in effigy and denounced as a traitor, because, forsooth, he differed with the popular impression of the moment—though agreeing with the once popular idol, Jefferson—upon the right of an American State peaceably to secede from the Union. But to-day, some of the most conspicuous actors in these scenes are among his professed admirers, and are fain to seek his good will as a stepping-stone to public favor.

But this is no argument in favor of indifference to or disregard of public opinion, or excuse for indolence or ignorance in the discharge of the duties or labors devolving upon us. So long as it does not involve the surrender of principle or the neglect of duty, the good will of mankind is a matter to be regarded with

much favor. The man or woman who is indifferent to the opinion of the community, and really feels that it is a thing of no moment in what esteem he or she is held by others, is lacking in one of the most effectual aids and stimulants to enterprise and good conduct.

The right sentiment on the subject was grandly expressed by Lord Mansfield, under the most memorable circumstances—when pronouncing the judgment in Westminster Hall, in the famous Wilkes outlawry case, while the purlieus of the court and the neighboring streets were filled with an excited and ignorant mob of Wilkites, “ready to celebrate the triumph or avenge the defeat” of this profligate demagogue, whom they had already chosen to the House of Commons in spite of his disability. After deliberately stating that neither the dictation of the press nor its daily calumnies could influence the action of the court, he said:

“I honor the King and respect the people; but many things acquired by the favor of either, are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity; *but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.*”

Neither are we sent here to float idly with the current and at last drift helplessly on *any* shore, as the accidents of wind and tide may chance to determine. To become useful, wealthy, learned, distinguished or great, for good ends and by just means, are laudable objects of ambition and worthy of your constant and utmost endeavors.

Upon any theory of man’s nature and destiny which distinguishes him from “the beasts that perish,” this world is a probationary state, in which the better we do and deserve, the better it will be with us in both time and eternity.

“Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returneth,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.”

Follow, then, where duty leads, and if success comes close upon endeavor, well and good. But if not, be not despondent, or consider yourself absolved from the universal obligation “to labor and

to wait" on God's good pleasure for your reward. Let us reason and resolve with Cato—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempromius: we'll deserve it."

Meet disappointment and misfortune with the heroic hope and resignation expressed by Milton, when "bereft of light"—"holy light! offspring of Heaven's first-born"—he exclaimed:

"—— Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will; nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

Sooner or later an occasion will come to each of you when you will be called upon to choose between some present gain and the dictate of duty. This will be the supreme moment of your existence, and the issue of it may color and control all your remaining life. Cast the temptation behind you, and, if need be, flee from it. If the path of duty leads you away from the alluring field of the world's pleasures and rewards, and up the rocky, steep defile of poverty and obscurity, still follow it, even without murmuring or looking back. Stand by your deliberate convictions of right, and, if need be, stand alone. The world will come round to you in due time; and if not, you have your reward:

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,
Of stupid stares and of loud buzzes;
And more true joy Marectus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

Nor is true success confined to those who appear to succeed, according to the judgment and opinion of the world. Material success—wealth, honor and friends—is not to be despised or neglected. But think not that even in this world, happiness—the very flower and fruit of true success—is confined to those whom the world openly honors and rewards. There are those who deliberately dwell above and beyond the ordinary aims and influence of the world—persons whose mind is a kingdom to them. Often they are pitied, neglected or scorned by their generation. But the happiness vouchsafed to them in the sincere and unselfish contemplation and pursuit of the ideal and infinite, may, and doubtless often does, far exceed that which awaits upon those who delve in the earth only, and in return are filled with what are known as the good things of this world.

Hear Oregon's Poet sing of these souls, not understood by you and me, and then say with him, that mayhap—

"They touch on fairer shores than this,"

whereon we common mortals walk and gather gain from the ocean-tossed wrecks of others' hopes and lives.

"Ah! there be souls none understand;

Unanchored ships, they blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown.

Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Lo! there be gentlest souls sea-blown
That know not any harbor known.
Now it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this."

The badge and vice of this age lies in its *seeming* rather than *being*—in pretending to be what we are not. Scarcely anything is real; and it is so difficult to distinguish the true from the false, that the one passes almost as current as the other. Whatever opinion or conduct is popular or profitable, is straightway imitated or affected by numbers, who know little and care less about the soundness or morality of either.

The insane rage for equality which overflowed from the volcano of the French Revolution, seems to have permeated all the relations and circumstances of life, until its disturbing influence is seen and felt everywhere.

Because the servant is very properly the equal of her mistress before the law, it is assumed that she must also be her equal in style and appearance. To minister to this false pride and pretence, capital and labor are profitably employed to provide the former with cheap and comparatively worthless counterfeits and imitations of the elegant garb and costly adornments of the latter.

No sooner does a particular article or product acquire a reputation for usefulness or excellence, than the rascally ingenuity, which seems to pervade all the departments of skilled labor, fills the market with a host of cheap, spurious imitations and counterfeits. As was expected, these are freely purchased and consumed by that

numerous class of people, who are always willing to sacrifice their true interest and comfort, for the sake of appearing to be the equals of their wealthier neighbors.

Cheap factories of the learned professions—called colleges and institutes—openly vie with the regularly established and conducted schools, and vend cheap and false diplomas, to those who are willing to pass for graduates without bestowing the time and money necessary to secure the genuine article. The real art that fills “the animated canvas” with the facts of history, the flights of fancy and the creatures of imagination—the beauties of nature and the lineaments of “the human face divine,” is mocked and confounded by the manufacture of cheap chromos, that impudently profess to be a perfect imitation and counterfeit of the renowned original.

The hope of receiving a Ribbon, a Star or a Title from the royal fountain of honor, or being awarded a niche in the British Pantheon, among the illustrious dead of the Empire, has done more to preserve and maintain the integrity, prowess and dominion of England, than all the gold of her commerce, twice told and repeated. Honors and titles, rightfully considered, constitute a never failing public treasure, of infinitely more use and value as a means of procuring faithful and heroic service to the State, than all its material revenues. From this mint of honor might issue as occasion required, the highest and most enduring rewards that a people can bestow upon those who deserve well of their country. But the genius of sham and seeming has been nowhere more busily employed in the work of debasement and destruction than here. Pretending to despise titles and distinctions, we use and abuse them without stint or reason. A conceited fellow who feels called upon to denounce the title of Earl or Lord, as inimical to Republican institutions and Democratic equality, will, at the same time, accept without scruple some military or civil distinction to which he has no claim, or avail himself of every opportunity to add to his plebeian patronymic—as an overgrown tail to a kite—half the letters in the alphabet.

The few official designations which are known to our laws, and the honorary distinctions which ante-Revolutionary usage had annexed to the names of persons, holding high offices, have been so cheapened and debased by popular use and abuse, that they have actually come to be regarded as of little or no value or consideration, apart from the pecuniary emoluments pertaining to them.

"The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And sold'd with all ignoble use."—

has lost its signification and is applied indiscriminately to the *gentle* and *rough*; while in common parlance every woman, however born, bred or behaved is a lady. Honorable and Esquire have become so common as to be devoid of meaning, and now plain Mister is a distinction compared with either of them. Lawyers, who were never upon "The Bench," and others who never even drew pleas for John Doe, are called by, and accept without a blush, the designation of "Judge." Many a one—

"That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows."—

is by some freak or chance courtesy dubbed "General,"—and thereafter passes current with the hero of a hundred fights. Every-now-and-then some land-lubber, who by stock gambling has acquired the control of a line of steamers, is hailed by his dependent admirers as "Commodore"—and thenceforth neither Nelson nor Farragut ever flaunted as pretentious a pennon as this same self-made Commodore.

Courtesy Colonels, Majors and Captains are as plenty as blackberries. The genuine article is so confounded with the spurious, that unless the title is followed by the initials, U. S. A., it is rather suggestive of the want of military experience and position than the possession of them.

Extravagance, gross and vulgar, goes hand in hand with these shams and pretences, while close upon them follow fraud, peculation and theft. Pinchbeck, Paste and Pretence prevail, and to all outward seeming the true and the false have become hopelessly confounded. Certainly, the time has come for a reformation in this particular. I believe the country is still sound at the core; but unless this carnival of sham and pretence is abated, it will corrode it to the heart.

May we not expect that the scholars of the country will cast their influence and example on the side of honesty and truth—of *being* rather than *seeming*. As graduates of this school of learning and morals, you are under some obligation to the community which has placed the privileges and opportunities you have enjoyed here within your reach. In return, let me urge upon you the duty of maintaining, by precept and example, the value and neces-

sity of honesty and uprightness in all the affairs of life. And, however at times it may seem to the contrary, be assured that in the long run—

“Corruption wins not more than honesty.”

In commenting upon the love of honesty to his son, Sir Thomas Wyatt says, that it includes—“Wisdom, Gentleness, Soberness, desire to do Good, Friendliness to get the love of many, and *Truth above the rest.*”

Whereupon he discourses upon the subject pleasantly as follows:

“A great part to have all these things is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for a warmth. * * * * If you will *seem* honest, *be* honest or else seem as you are. Seek not the name without the thing; nor let the name be the only mark you shoot at; that will follow though you regard it not; yea! and the more you regard it the less. * * * * Honest name is goodly; but he that hunteth only for that, is like him who would rather *seem* warm than *be* warm, and edgeth a single coat about with a fur.”

And now, after a lapse of three and a half centuries, these quaint but eloquent words, so “fitly spoken,” are still worthy to be likened unto “apples of gold in pictures of silver,” and engraved upon the tablets of your memory.

The position and vocation of the scholar in the world is materially changed from what it was a century ago. Then people of a liberal education seldom engaged in trade, commerce or manufactures. A university man, was either a person of fortune and leisure, or intended for one of the learned professions, or the army. Occasionally some poor or singular wight like Goldsmith, unable or unfit to journey on these Royal Highways, betook himself to literature or Grub street. But now, learning in a considerable degree belongs to all classes and pursuits. True, it is generally of the most meagre and practical kind, and only intended to enable its possessor to succeed in some of the practical walks of life. Many study science, not so much for the love of nature or knowledge, as to use its secrets in the practice and pursuit of the mechanic arts. Others study, also, history, language, literature, logic and rhetoric, so that they may write, speak and teach acceptably, and with effect—not only for the good of others, but also that they may provide for their own households.

During the past century a great portion of the learning and abili-

ty of the day has been drawn into what we call polities. In this period, political questions, or the secular side or aspect of controversies affecting the public weal or sympathies, have taken the place in the general mind of theological ones. During the 16th and 17th and the first half of the 18th centuries, polities were subordinate to religion; but in the latter quarter of the 18th century polities began to be the controlling consideration in public action, both in war and peace; while the 19th century has witnessed the completion of the change. With the relative increase in the importance of polities, government has become an affair of the many rather than the few. Theories of government—the rights and duties of sovereign and subject, together with countless schemes and dreams for the reconstruction of society or the melioration or improvement of the condition of its members—are constantly propounded and discussed by all classes and conditions of people.

This general interest and activity in whatever concerns the social life of man has produced, among other things, the modern newspaper, as a convenient vehicle for the communication and exchange of observation and opinion upon all subjects. Journalism, from being the precarious pursuit of unknown adventurers and presumptuous sciolists, or the anonymous by play of the learned professions and the literati, has itself become one of the professions, in which are found some of the most cultivated and able men of the country. The tendency and effect of all these things has been to work a change in the character and pursuits of the scholar. As a rule, he has become comparatively practical and worldly. He is no longer regarded as belonging to a distinct order or priesthood, pursuing learning for its own sake. He has turned his back upon the Cloister and the Grove, and casting aside his cap and gown, he has gone forth into the arena of the world, where amid the clash and conflict of jarring opinions and hostile systems he has found a ready market for his attainments, and compensation and distinction for himself.

As a consequence, he is in constant danger of being absorbed by the world and converted into a zealous partisan of some set of opinions and course of conduct which form the staple of some party, sect or school. The love and habit of calm contemplation and unbiased pursuit of truth, are destroyed by the heat of dispute and the desire and necessity for victory. Sometimes, either as an aux-

iliary or retainer, he suffers himself to be harnessed to the car of some lawless monopoly or capitalist or doubtful operation or adventure, and thus soils his soul in the doing of dishonest drudgery, where he ought to be free to approve or condemn, as right and justice may require.

But you should remember that the learning of the scholar may be better employed than in feathering arrows for any side of any controversy which will pay best, or at all, for them. The purest and noblest aim that can animate the scholar is to pursue and communicate knowledge and virtue for the honor and glory of God and the good of his fellow-men. For, after all—whether a poet, preacher, orator or teacher—it is as an Instructor and Helper of others that the scholar can best discharge the duties incumbent on him and make the world better for his having lived in it.

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—

whether uttered from the pulpit or the platform, or in the seclusion of the school-room or study, have produced mightier consequences and wrought greater good to man than armies and navies which for the moment shook the world with the weight of their movements.

"A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitor flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.
A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.

"O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last."

Yet the fact remains, that by far the greater part of the graduates of American schools go at once from their studies to pursuits whose chief end is gain. There can be no doubt, that it were better if this were otherwise, and that a larger portion of them could and would, in some way, devote themselves to the improvement of the world—content to receive a living from it in return, instead of endeavoring to make a fortune out of it. But even this condition of things is not without compensation to the community. So far as persons of education and culture engage in the trade and affairs of

the country, the better it is for the latter. But it is a great misfortune that a larger proportion of such persons do not take an active interest in the political and business *methods* and *morals* of the times from an impartial standpoint—neither warped by the bias of party nor blinded by “the rage of gain.” A few resolute and independent persons of culture and integrity in every community, who were free and willing to arraign and expose, at the bar of Public Opinion, the humbugs, knavery, follies and indirections of the day, would be of incalculable benefit to the country. Then in our Centennial hymn, while proudly thanking God for our freedom and opulence, we might not feel constrained also to bow our heads and say—

“ while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold—
The manhood never bought nor sold !”

as if these were, indeed, our sore want and need.

To day the country is suffering in interest and reputation because of the absence or exclusion of the scholar and gentleman from the conduct and management of its affairs. Thereby, these have largely fallen into the clumsy and unclean hands of the “scurvy politician,” who makes the success of faction and personal gain and advantage the chief end of his existence. Therefore, in the selection of public servants, character, ability, learning, property—the very things for which a man ought to be honored and trusted—are too often contemptuously disregarded; while the needy vagrant, the supple knave and sturdy ruffian, by simply bowing lower and shouting louder, than their betters, to the party idol or idea, whoever or whatever it may be, are promoted and exalted.

“So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.”

Integrity, intelligence and cultivation seek and find employment and distinction everywhere except in the civil service of the United States. It would be easy to name a few private institutions in many of the States that probably employ more of these qualities than are to be found in such service within their respective limits. Throughout the United States, the ignorant, incompetent and dishonest are found in its service in large numbers. Upon meagre and insufficient salaries half performing and half neglecting their

duties, they float in and out of office with every change of the political tide—often with as little thought or care for the true interests of the country as a transient army of occupation upon a foreign soil. They are usually tenants at will, and have little or no inducement to do more than make what they can for themselves out of the premises while in their possession. Some of them, by the practice of fraud and indirection, manage to grow rich, while not a few contrive by the same means to live gross and prodigal lives, whose example and contagion are worse than pestilence.

From the rank and impure civilization of the rich and populous cities, whose governments are the expression of a universal suffrage that is largely indigent, ignorant and vicious, the method and infection of maladministration rises and spreads in every direction. And so the gross and corrupt practices of the municipal government of the chief commercial city of the country soon made their appearance in its comparatively rural political capital.

After the conquest of Syria, the Censors of Rome, referring to the decline of Roman morals and manners consequent upon the contact with the corrupt and lascivious people of Antioch, were wont to exclaim: "The waters of the Orontes have muddied the Tiber!" So, in view of the events which have transpired within the past few years in the city bearing the honored name of the father of his country, may not we with equal reason exclaim: The waters of the Hudson have muddied the Potomac!

In some degree, whatever your calling or position in life may be, each of you, as an American citizen, will have an opportunity, both by voice and example, to aid in purifying the polities of the country, and elevating and improving the tone and methods of the public service, and it will be your imperative duty to do so. Be faithful to this opportunity and obligation. Remember, that no nomination, platform or profession, however unanimous, high-sounding or correct, can excuse you for supporting a dishonest, vicious or incompetent person for any position.

Notwithstanding the ugly eruptions on the surface of the body politic, I believe the country is still sound at the heart, and with proper treatment may in time be restored to a healthy condition. To this end you may materially contribute by always and everywhere inculcating the idea that no government or political society, however wisely founded or devised, can long work well, unless

justly and rightly administered; and that this can only be accomplished by the agency of honest and capable men.

Many good people are beginning to doubt whether an honest government, by the people and for the people, is any longer possible in these United States. But I think they are too despondent. There have been spots—nay blotches—on our escutcheon before to-day. At present we are going through a general clean up, preparatory to a Presidential election. Unfortunately, the election of a chief magistrate turns more upon the faults and misdeeds of the respective parties and candidates than their merits. Just now it bids fair to be a conflict of accusation and calumny. But let scandal and malice be encountered by pure and stainless lives while corruption and bribery are left to meet their proper doom. Our dirty linen, of which there seems to be a good deal left over from the war, is being noisily washed, and, what makes it more offensive, washed in public—in the newspapers—the only way, it appears, we can get our public laundering done. But I have faith that the Augean stable of our civil service will be cleansed and reformed. I believe there is still intelligence enough among the American people to perceive, that so long as the public service is kept and maintained as a refuge and asylum for mere political adventurers, bankrupts and henchmen, and the official patronage is used as the mere pabulum of party or the private property of political bosses, rather than instruments for the public good, they have no right to expect either capacity or integrity in their public servants; and that, perceiving this, they have the requisite sense and courage to devise and apply some speedy and effectual remedy for the evil. But if they fail in this, then we are already in “the Decline” of “the Empire” and “the Fall” is only a question of time.

But enough upon this point. Indeed, I gladly turn away from the contemplation of a result that I trust you may live to prevent but never see.

And now, fearing that I have already wearied you, I bring my remarks to a close. Your beloved, faithful and honored president stands waiting to confer upon you the honors you have so well earned. As he places the laurel upon your brows, remember with gratitude how much you are indebted to him and his faithful assistants for the care and culture you have received while here.

“ Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him.”

In conclusion, let me commend to you, as a beacon-light and land-mark on your journey through life, the wise and manly sentiments contained in Burns’ epistle to his “young friend, Andrew.” Poets, orators and divines have given pages of exhortation and admonition to those about to embark upon the uncertain sea of life. But in my judgment, few or none of these excel, if they equal, in sound sense and good morals, these apt and beautiful lines of the Ayrshire bard to his “youthfu’ friend,” who, like you, was soon to “try the world” to find, as you may, “mankind an uneou squad.”

“To catch Dame Fortune’s golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile,
That’s justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o’ hell’s a hangman’s whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border;
It’s slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a’ side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the Creature;
But still the preaching can’t forbear,
And e’en the rigid feature;
Yet ne’er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist’s laugh’s a poor exchange
For Deity offended;

When ranting round in pleasure’s ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we’re tempest-driven,
A conscienc’d but a canker—
A correspondence fix’d wi’ heaven
Is sure a noble anchor.”

And now, young friends, again I greet and congratulate you upon the successful issue of your college career. As you go forth

from Uncle Halls to commence the voyage of life, come what may, resolve to keep your onward course, with Duty at the helm and Conscience at the prow. Study and strive to deserve success, rather than to attain it. Quit yourselves like men and women. Be real and not sham—prefer *being* to *seeming*.

"Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's!"

and then, when you have crossed the narrow isthmus of Time, and stand disenthralled upon the shore of the boundless ocean of eternity, may you hear with joy unspeakable, the Heavenly plaudit—

Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

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